BX 8332
.P4

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

METHODISM:

A RETROSPECT AND AN OUTLOOK.

BY

CHARLES WILLIAM PEARSON, A.M.

NEW YORK: HUNT & EATON.
CINCINNATI: CRANSTON & STOWE.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

METHODISM

A RETROSPECT AND AN OUTLOOK

BY

CHARLES WILLIAM PEARSON, A.M.

Professor of English Literature in Northwestern University

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
OCT 17 1891
9356 W
WASHINGTON

NEW YORK: HUNT & EATON
CINCINNATI: CRANSTON & STOWE
1891

THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON

BX8332
.P4

Copyright, 1891, by
HUNT & EATON,
New York.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

TO THE

Rev. William Goodfellow, D.D.,

FOR MANY YEARS

SUPERINTENDENT

OF THE

MISSIONS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
IN SOUTH AMERICA,

WITHOUT WHOSE HELP AND COUNSEL AT A CRITICAL
PERIOD IN THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR
THIS BOOK MIGHT NEVER HAVE
BEEN WRITTEN.

PREFACE.

THE following poem, though devoted to one religious denomination, is not, it is hoped, written in a narrow or sectarian spirit. The evangelical Churches represent the same general type of Christianity, and the author's feelings would prompt him to write in the same strain of any one of them. Deeming it, however, impracticable to attempt a characterization of all, and being by birth and education a Methodist, he naturally selects for his theme the branch of the Church with which he is best acquainted.

Of even this more limited subject no complete presentation is possible. Some few representative names and marked characteristics only can be mentioned; and, as both English and American Methodism are treated, the account of each is necessarily deprived of some matter that would otherwise belong to it. Denominational peculiarities common to both,

such as the class-meeting, love-feast, and itinerancy, have for convenience been referred to but once; and so the two pictures of Methodism in the old and in the new world are designed to illustrate and complete each other.

A tree is not known unless its trunk is traced downward to the root, and in going back not merely to the Anglican communion as it was in Wesley's day, but to the earliest record of Christianity in Britain, the writer's purpose is to express his belief that nothing is new in Methodism except the name, and that the doctrines and practices of Methodists are substantially a return to the simplicity and earnestness that marked the primitive Church.

He is also very far from assuming that the greatly increased zeal and spirituality of Christianity, though running a closely parallel course with Methodism, were due wholly or even chiefly to the labors of Wesley and his followers. Methodists believe that the efforts of their forefathers did much to provoke other Christians to love and good works, but they also believe that there were great general forces at work to produce a new era of philanthropy and

missionary effort. Therefore, in representing Methodist evangelization as a forerunner and prophecy of the preaching of the Gospel to the whole world, no disparagement is intended to the equally manifest signs of speedy victory to the Church which are elsewhere shown. The reader will see that the coming triumph of Christianity is attributed to the whole Church, and is represented as the result and reward of the cessation of sectarian strife, of the growth of better knowledge and kinder affections among Christians, and, above all, of their increased love and fidelity to the great Head of the Church, who commanded his followers to love each other and to teach all nations.

PROLOGUE.

O BLESSED Holy Spirit, who dost guide
The erring one back to the Father's side;
O gracious Comforter, who bringest peace,
And biddest all the storms of sin to cease;
O grieved but patient Friend, I own the care
That followed me, the wayward child of prayer;
That, when between my childhood home and me
Stretched torrid tracts and wide, dissevering sea,
When, though bells clamored with scarce-ceasing sound,
And all the pomp of worship reigned around,
Yet on the desecrated holy day
The vices tenfold blazoned their array,
Poured on my soul like a life-giving balm
Thoughts of a simpler rite and Sabbath calm,
The walk decorous to the house of prayer,
The hymn of praise and faithful sermon there;
That drew the picture of my scarce-seen sire
In whom faith burned with strong and quenchless fire,
Who gladly counted all things else as loss
That he might wide proclaim the precious cross,

Who worked with holy zeal his too brief day,
Till snatched by death in manhood's prime away ;
That brought to mind again with vivid power
The recollection of the holy hour
Of ne'er-omitted morn and evening prayer,
In which each member of the house would share ;
Brought most of all the mother's gentle look
As in her dead one's place she read the Book ;
And here as every-where with tender tone
Was fatherhood and motherhood in one.
O, ne'er shall I forget that natal day,
When, musing thus, I learned at last to pray,
When the good Spirit who convicts of sin
And seeks the sinner's stubborn heart to win
Came to my spirit with resistless power,
And changed life's current in a single hour.
What made the Spirit's power resistless there ?
My mother spent for me that day in prayer,
And as I seek of piety to sing
It is a filial tribute that I bring.

My soul converted sought with eager haste
The joys of Christian fellowship to taste.
Ne'er hailed more gladly mariner the light
That, shining in the dark, tempestuous night,
Showed where the safe and sheltering harbor lay
Than I the little mission church that day.

A small, plain church, yet in that foreign land
It seemed like heaven within its walls to stand
And hear the sweet and tender words that flowed
In streams of blessing from the man of God.

With a true pastor's deep solicitude
My inexperience the good man viewed,
And from seen peril and from secret snare
He saved by watchful and unceasing care ;
Patient of fault and failure, still he tried
My feeble steps in usefulness to guide ;
Gave harder tasks as simpler ones were done,
And led in Christian duty on and on ;
Pointed where fields of brighter promise lay,
Urged me to seek, and smoothed my onward way.

SYNOPSIS.

THE Spiritual Church, lines 1–36; the Church of Rome, 37–68; the Church of England, 69–162; the Reformation in England, 163–206; sectarian strife and decay of piety, 207–237; the evils exaggerated, 238–273; the liturgy, 274–297; the ancestry of John and Charles Wesley, 298–367; Epworth rectory, 368–377; Samuel Wesley, 378–417; Susanna Wesley, 418–441; Oxford, 442–469; Georgia, 470–493; Peter Böhler, 494–523; John Wesley, 524–553; George Whitefield, 554–591; local preachers, 592–605; persecution, 606–647; Wesley and his preachers, 648–715; Methodism in Ireland, 716–743; Coke, 744–761; Fletcher, 762–777; Adam Clarke, 778–795; Richard Watson, 796–801; many that are last shall be first, 802–823; Charles Wesley, 824–845; conversion, 846–881; Wesley, 882–921; Wesley's successors, 922–931; prayer, 932–971; American Methodism, 972–1087; the camp-meeting, 1088–1147; Francis Asbury, 1148–1183; Calvinism and New England, 1184–1223; Jesse Lee, 1224–1239; the Negro, 1240–1261; John Stewart and the Wyandots, 1262–1319; William Nast, 1320–1365; Tyerman and Stevens, 1366–1381; Woman—Ruth, Mary, Barbara Heck, Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, Eliza Garrett, 1382–1455; new methods, 1456–1473; Chautauqua circles and Epworth leagues, 1474–1485; the lesson of history, 1486–1533; the artisan, 1534–1577; the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 1578–1595; the Salvation Army, 1596–1677; Africa, 1678–1717; India, 1718–1785; Saxon dominion, 1786–1803; science and missions, 1804–1827; Christian unity, 1828–1845; the coming triumph, 1846–1855.

METHODISM:

A RETROSPECT AND AN OUTLOOK.

[*I.* 1–18.

MAN'S empires sink, his languages decay,
And earth itself at last shall pass away;
But, founded on the everlasting Rock,
The Church will stand unhurt amid the shock.
Her deep foundations were by prophets laid;
Apostles' hands her goodly pillars made;
While far o'er all in majesty alone
Is Jesus Christ, the mighty Corner-stone.
Ere earth was formed, or earthly time began,
The Architect supreme had formed his plan;
He gave long ages to complete his thought,
Because he for a full perfection wrought.
How fair at last her every part shall shine
When the great Builder ends his vast design!

When earth, the first creation, finished stood,
And the Creator had pronounced it good,
The morning stars went singing through the sky,
And all the sons of God were filled with joy;

And when Redemption's greater work is done,
And glory crowns what grace at first begun ;
When God once more his high approval speaks,
And from the host of heaven in rapture breaks
A mighty chorus of according song,
And sevenfold symphonies the joy prolong,
Then, in that day of bliss beyond compare,
The humblest saint the Godhead's joy will share.

But distant still is Israel's glorious day,
Her pilgrim hosts still toil along their way ;
From east and west, from north and south they come,
And seek afar the promised heavenly home.
The Muse in vain the forward steps would trace
Of all whose feet pursue the way of grace.
So wide a field her view may not command,
And so she follows but a single band ;
Yet would she gladly speak a word of cheer
To every sister troop that marches near.

Not mine the narrow bigotry that sees
No good unless the creed with mine agrees.
Although their symbols may be far apart,
Yet worshipers may still be one in heart ;
Diverging branches bear the self-same fruit,
If both draw life from the same hidden root ;
And if to us Rome seems touched with decay,

Her branch has sure not withered quite away.
See good À KEMPIS for perfection strive,
And leave the world a pattern how to live ;
See Saint BERNARD amid surrounding night
The double torch of faith and learning light ;
Hear sweet Saint FRANCIS in his tender speech
Lessons of gentleness and mercy teach.
But these lived long ago ! doth Rome to-day
The graces of her earlier times display ?
NEWMAN has just ascended to the skies,
Upon his saintly virtues fix thine eyes ;
See DARBOY on his deeds of mercy fly,
Like holy STEPHEN live, like STEPHEN die ;
See DAMIEN seek the dread, plague-stricken spot,
That e'en the leper's soul may perish not ;
In " IDA'S Story " read a tale as sweet
As that our children's lips love to repeat ;
And while we praise the " Dairyman's " meek flower,
That sheds such fragrance through its English bower,
Let us no less admire a kindred bloom
That lends to *Italy* a like perfume.
Rarely has faith o'er sense a full constraint
Or grace the trophy of a wealthy saint,
Yet once again this miracle we hail
As many-millioned DREXEL takes the veil.

The Church of England, venerable name,

How rich thy legacy of holy fame!
Scarce had the Lord ascended from the earth
When apostolic zeal gave thee thy birth;
Regions beyond where Roman eagles flew
The tireless heralds of the cross subdue.
In vain the Druid priests with craft oppose,
From year to year the spreading Gospel grows,
And manifests its wonder-working skill
The cold, dark heart with light and love to fill.
Such was thy heart, Saint ALBAN, till thy Lord
Transformed it by his life-renewing word;
The English proto-martyr, 'twas thy fame
To be the first to die for Jesus' name;
The stroke that slew thee was the final blow
Of pagan Rome, the Church's first great foe.

But scarce had Rome laid down the bloody sword
When from the north down poured the heathen horde.
By savage Saxon and ferocious Dane
Thy shrines are plundered and thy servants slain;
The remnant, like ELIJAH, in distress
Flee to the mountains and the wilderness;
From the cold rocks they lift to heaven their eyes,
God marks their faith and hears their suppliant cries.
The storm subsides, but now new dangers come,
The rites, the learning, and the snares of Rome;

The Church puts on fine gold and costly dress,
But stains and soils her robe of righteousness.
To raise her great cathedrals to the sky
She sells her grace, and makes God's word a lie;
With cunning waits the rich man's dying hour,
And on his weakness doubly plies her power;
Wakes fear and hope by every potent spell,
The joys of heaven, the agonies of hell;
Now fills with ecstasy, now with despair,
Till importunity makes her his heir.
Thus abbeys won their rich, well-watered plains,
And monasteries spread their wide domains;
Bishops in wealth with richest nobles vied,
And Christian faith was lost in worldly pride.
Nay, greed of wealth increased with greater store;
Possessed of much, the Church still longed for more,
Cheapened her pardons, set her price on sin,
Lost her true power, her false success to win.

Christ's agony in evil's darkest night
The Church commemorates by sacred rite;
She takes the emblems given by the Lord,
And o'er them speaks the consecrating word;
Grateful, she pours the wine and breaks the bread
As types of broken body and blood shed.
But Rome profaned the sacred mystery,
And changed it to a gross idolatry;

Though Christ said, God is spirit, and is known
Not through mere sense, but through true faith alone,
The bread itself her devotees adored,
And said a wafer held and was the Lord.
Rome taught that, when she celebrated mass,
She bought by blood of Christ true pardoning grace;
That Jesus suffered bodily once more
With all the merit of his death of yore;
And yet she sold this awful sacrifice
Each day in every church for paltry price.
No wonder faith was shriveled into dust
And men turned from her altars in disgust!

Her begging friars, fat and importunate,
Swarmed through the land and haunted every gate,
And took e'en from the poorest of the poor
By plea or threat his necessary store;
Building therewith the vast and stately piles
In which they walked through carved and painted aisles,
Gay chapter-houses, rich refectories
In which they lolled and banqueted at ease,
And spacious gardens, trimmed and terraced fair,
In which to walk and take the summer air.

So Roman vice wide o'er the Church extends,

And English virtue to corruption bends ;
Gross, shameful scandals more and more prevail,
And doubts and heresies men's minds assail ;
Evils unchecked grew stronger hour by hour,
And Hell exulted in her spreading power.

But they who think the Church may fall away,
And lose her heavenly strength by slow decay,
Or deem that she may sink by sudden shock
As some proud vessel when it strikes the rock,
Remember not that God's omnipotence
Is pledged to be her ever sure defense ;
Her sorest trials do but purify,
Renew her strength, and raise her yet more high.
As purest metals come from hottest fires,
So noblest virtue from fierce tests aspires ;
Where greatest sins and basest wrongs abound
There sturdiest champions of the right are found :
And persecution's darkest hour of night
Serves but to make the martyr's faith more bright.

So, when the Church was deepest sunk in shame
She neared the hour of her most noble fame ;
Upon her darkest night, to shine afar,
Rose WYCLIFFE like a bright and morning star ;
As Romish fables yet more monstrous grew,
Brave TYNDALE's Bibles spread Christ's truth anew.

In vain Rome filled her dungeons, heaped her fires,
Unshaken still, the saint of God expires.
Meek THOMAS BILNEY once his Lord denied;
Then, sore repenting, cast his fears aside,
Recalled his recantation, and at last
On wings of unfelt fire to glory passed.
And shrinking CRANMER, sorely tried in heart,
To conscience captive, chose the better part;
His earthly pomp and coronet laid down
That he might wear the martyr's nobler crown.
HOOPER and RIDLEY bravely bore their pain,
Counting their earthly loss a heavenly gain;
And 'mid his fagots LATIMER could shout,
"We light a candle that shall ne'er go out."
Christ's strength sustains e'en woman's feeble frame,
And glad she suffers for her Saviour's name;
Forgetting self, ANN ASKEWE, with a faith
That conquered all the bitter pains of death,
For those who slew her poured the Christlike prayer,
"Pity their ignorance, O Lord, and spare!"

But time would fail to tell of all who stood
And, strong in God, resisted unto blood;
Their record is on high; if earthly fame
Attend their deeds or darkness vail their name,
To them it matters not, in that sweet rest

And perfect joy in which God's saints are blest;
Their works do follow them, and holy fruits
Of faith and love still grow from those deep roots.

The Reformation woke the Church to life;
Alas! it also waked sectarian strife;
So long and keen the theologic jars,
At last they issued in fierce civil wars.
Much the Church suffered in this sad debate,
And Zion, humbled, mourned her lost estate;
While laborers war, the soil remains untilled,
And now rank weeds o'erspread God's holy field;
The sheep, no longer to the pastures led,
Pine in neglect, unshepherded, unfed.

When Toleration sheathed at length the sword
Hate smoldered on and blazed up at a word;
Defeat had left the Non-conformist sore,
Success inflamed the Churchman's pride the more;
As worldliness and sloth the more prevailed,
The more the skeptic's arguments assailed;
The infidel poured forth his scorn and said,
Exulting, "See, the Church of Christ is dead."
So, when the traveler from a mountain height,
As far and wide he strains his aching sight,
While only snow-clad peaks on peaks appear,
Surveys the landscape with a shuddering fear,

And says, with sinking heart, "The realm of death
is here."
Vain fear! unmarked by superficial eye,
'Neath sheltering cliffs, what fruitful valleys lie
As he descends what changes hour by hour,
Here waves the ripening grain, there springs the
smiling flower.

So the dark record of the faults and crimes
That history makes of those ignoble times
Is but the sullen surface of the waste
Which storms have scarred and angry winds defaced.
If shameful simony affront God's grace,
And vicious priests profane the holy place;
If worldly bishops fill neglected sees,
And absent rectors hold pluralities;
If squalor, ignorance, and vice abound,
And untaught masses hear no gospel sound,
E'en in the darkness of that evil day,
Such time as did ELIJAH'S soul dismay,
A faithful remnant, loyal still to God,
Undimmed in zeal, the path to Zion trod.

Let not the vices of the crowd condemn
The faithful few who sought the tide to stem.
Bear witness, humble rectories, that yet
Pure godliness and simple faith are met;

That if the great and golden lights burn dim,
Some still are found their humbler lamps to trim.
Nor only in the lowly parsonage
Did piety still live e'en in that age ;
It rose with POTTER to the bishop's throne,
And with a mild and steady radiance shone ;
It more becomes good BENSON's hoary hairs
E'en than the miter which he meekly wears ;
It sanctifies wise GIBSON's lawn and gown,
And heightens all his scholarly renown.

Detraction's voice has sounded overloud,
For marvels ever please the thoughtless crowd ;
The trunk that bore JOHN WESLEY as its shoot
Had plainly not yet withered to the root.
Her children from this ancient mother sprung
Will not upbraid her with a heedless tongue.
From her we have our richest heritage,
Our history has with hers a common page.
We are not rivals like the briar and thorn,
That more rejoice the more their foes are torn ;
But, like the fertile olive and rich vine,
In precious fruits alone we would outshine.

At altar, font, and sacramental board
In the same solemn words we seek the Lord ;
In the same liturgy our voices blend,

In the same hymns our prayer to heaven ascend.
Our love is kindled to a richer glow
By beams of light from KEBLE's "Sun" that flow;
Our faith with HEBER's reaches every land,
From "icy mountain to the coral strand;"
When Father, Son, and Holy Ghost we praise,
'Tis KEN's doxology our voices raise.

Reformed, not revolutionized, thou hast
Ne'er broken with the great historic past;
Freed from the yoke, purged from the papal stain
Thy ancient monuments and forms remain.
Thine are those mighty shrines of prayer and praise
Which bow the soul and then to heaven upraise.
Thy noble ritual is sure defense
'Gainst weak caprice or crude irreverence;
Thine is the glorious anthem and the choir
Of seraph voices that in song aspire;
Thine are the sacred liturgies more sweet
As generations the same prayers repeat,
More deeply hallowed as from sire to son
The holy immemorial words pass on,
With ever richer fragrance round them shed
By filial reverence for the sainted dead,
Binding the earlier and the later days
In one continual chain of prayer and praise.
Go on, great Church, still make thy faith to shine,

And with thy might help on the work divine ;
Still, fervor with propriety unite,
And pour on truth thy learning's steady light ;
Still onward press to nobler, holier deed,
In all of good be God thy help and speed.

When summer drought has parched the thirsting plain,
How grateful to the fainting earth the rain !
New beauty follows the refreshing shower,
The drooping stalk shoots upward with new power,
The streamlets flow, the dried-up fountains spring,
The silent birds begin again to sing.

So, when a Church has languished, and the breath
Of unbelief seems touching her with death,
When only hollow form and chill routine
In place of faith and love and hope are seen,
How blessed in such season is the word
Of one who comes as prophet of the Lord !

The God who sent forth ABRAHAM to bless
All nations by his faith and righteousness ;
Who gave to captive Israel in their need
A MOSES to deliver and to lead ;
Whose voice transformed the persecuting SAUL,
And made of him the flaming herald PAUL ;

Whose presence with his Church abideth still,
And living Spirit quickeneth whom he will;
Who gives to each the supplicated grace,
And fits each for his own peculiar place;
When evils in the English Church prevailed,
Her arms were weak and her defenses failed,
Raised up new captains in the trying hour
To storm again the gates of hell with power,
To set the fast-bound slaves of Satan free,
And lead the hosts of Christ to victory.

Not of a weak or shallow worldly line,
But from heroic fathers heroes shine;
Prophets and leaders come of mighty race,
Long trained by Providence e'er called by grace.
A great re-builder of the faith decayed,
A new law-giver, saint, apostle, head,
JOHN WESLEY stands on high in holy fame,
And sacred honors cluster round his name;
But not to him alone belongs the praise
Of all the virtue that his life displays;
He higher raised hereditary worth,
And stronger showed ancestral virtue forth;
In God's good time he bore the splendid fruit,
But far beneath we seek the strengthening root.

Upon the WESLEY arms the scallop-shell,

If it could speak, might have a tale to tell
Of brave and pious champions who bore
The cross in triumph on the sacred shore;
Fighting itinerants with zeal more blind
But not more fervent than the peaceful kind
Who later formed JOHN WESLEY's marching host,
And land and sea to bear the Gospel crossed.

When Moslem wars were o'er, the sturdy race
Of WESLEY in the ranks of peace we trace;
Vicars and rectors in succession run,
And show how faith passed on from sire to son;
In humble labors glide their lives along,
Streams hid and silent, but yet deep and strong.
But churlish tyranny unsheathes her sword,
And bids the prophets preach but at her word;
Soft blandishments allure the docile priest
And hireling shepherd to the "shearer's feast;"
But poverty and stripes, exile and chains,
The lot of him who true to God remains.
JOHN WESLEY's grandsire, also JOHN by name
(In nature, too, the heroes are the same),
Feeling himself commissioned from on high
To preach the Gospel, dared the law defy.
In vain the cruel statutes hunt him down,
Pursue his steps, and drive from town to town;
Like PAUL, in prisons oft, but unsubdued,

Firm to the end the faithful martyr stood.

Amid sin's wastes once more see Eden bloom
Where piety and love create the home!
Where parents rule with just and tender sway,
And children in the fear of God obey;
Where erring human wisdom rightly guides,
Because o'er all the grace divine presides.
In such a home as this JOHN WESLEY grew;
From parents such as these he virtue drew.
The rectory of *Epworth* is the fount
To which all streams of Methodism mount.

In the good *Epworth* rector's long career
The sturdy virtues of his line appear.
When popish JAMES o'errides the kingdom's laws,
Buys up the venal, and the weak o'erawes,
How SAMUEL WESLEY'S honest spirit burns,
And his pure soul a base promotion spurns!
Poor, yet unflinching, no bribe nor decree
Can make him swerve from higher loyalty.
The same stout courage that a king defied,
The fury of a rabble dares abide;
In vain the mob assails the faithful priest,
Their injuries the pastor's zeal increased;
Tried almost in extremity of ill,
The godly man is brave and patient still;

His cattle maimed, his house burned o'er his head,
He seeks the shelter of a neighboring shed,
And, kneeling 'mid his sympathizing friends,
For children spared warm thanks to heaven he sends.

"Nor yet unmentioned shall in silence lie
His slighted and derided poetry.
Whate'er his strains, still glorious was his end,
Faith to assert and virtue to defend;
He sung how God the Saviour deigned to expire;
With VIDA's piety, though not his fire,
Deduced his Maker's praise from age to age,
Through the long annals of the sacred page."
His lines may feebly creep or lamely halt,
But, while you mark his Muse's every fault,
Mark, too, the nobler lyrics of his son,
And see parental influence go on;
The father's rugged labors gave the bent,
And, though unwinged, he wings to genius lent.
Brave, godly man, he lived a faithful life,
Sustained through all his years of earthly strife
By the abiding peace within the heart
The Holy Spirit's presence doth impart,
Till, as he put on immortality,
Hope brighter grew and rose to prophecy;
Hailing, like SIMEON, a coming day
Of faith and power, he passed in peace away.

Yet, while the rector's influence we trace,
Our annals give his spouse the larger place ;
A loving daughter, a devoted wife,
A perfect mother, history writes her life.
Her children numerous, her wealth but small,
Her busy skill made it enough for all ;
A MARTHA, all her service was complete,
A MARY, too, she sat at Jesus' feet.
Her time divided by exactest rule,
Six hours each day she taught her little school ;
With patient care informed each childish mind,
By fond example made each young heart kind.
Each morn, each eve, the psalm or hymn was sung,
And prayer repeated by their every tongue ;
Nay, more, with such solicitude she yearned,
And for her children with such ardor burned,
That oft with each she sought the hallowed place
Of secret prayer, and met God face to face.
So taught, so trained, her sons and daughters praise
And walk like her in wisdom's holy ways ;
And when her sons are princes of the Lord,
And waiting multitudes attend their word,
A DEBORAH in Israel she appears,
In wisdom guiding to her latest years.

Taught by a mother such as this, a child
Will walk amid temptations undefiled ;

Or, if he err in some forgetful hour,
Will not remain the slave of evil power ;
Remorse for sin will haunt him day by day
Till penitence has washed the stain away.
Some school-boy faults the little WESLEY shows,
Some imperfections youth's hot years disclose ;
Yet soon his dormant conscience re-awakes,
And every sin and folly he forsakes.

In learned halls, where old tradition sways,
And the long past a strange enchantment lays,
Where cluster many a lofty spire and dome,
There Methodism finds its second home ;
In venerable *Oxford's* learned shade
Its earliest class is formed, its first rules made.
To rise betimes, be sober, fast, and pray,
In useful labors spend the livelong day,
Visit the sick, supply the prisoner's need,
Seek the lost sheep, and to the Shepherd lead—
'Tis thus these early Methodists reveal
Their faith by works, their love by holy zeal.
E'en then 'twas discipline that made them strong,
And gave the triumphs that to skill belong ;
They fought not blindly, beating but the air,
But were as wise to plan as brave to dare ;
A noble band the " Holy Club " go forth,
And many a field of triumph shows their worth.

But where the leader of this little band?
His zeal has led him to a foreign strand.
Fain would he serve where there is greatest need,
Where deepest sorrows with his pity plead.
And so he leaves old *England's* pleasant fields,
And all the good his native country yields,
Its halls of learning and its bowers of ease,
To brave the perils of the stormy seas,
To thread deep wilds, to teach a savage race,
Cheer the dark wigwam, light the stolid face.

In vain his zeal. War's jealousy prevents
His entrance to the wandering red-man's tents;
So turning thence, we see him next explore
Sparse settlements, and teach from door to door;
French, Germans, Spaniards are his brothers all;
In their own tongue he gives to each Christ's call.
The pastor also of an English band,
He guides with strong but not judicious hand;
A stiff High Churchman, each appointed rite
Is full of mystic virtue in his sight;
Inflexibly he follows every form,
Nor heeds the mutterings of the coming storm;
Misunderstandings grew, and foes increased,
Till home again fled back the harassed priest.

He who went out to teach now fain would learn,

And deep heart-searchings follow his return.
The zealous labors of the Pharisee
Had failed to set his struggling spirit free ;
A trembling servant, not a trusting son,
He felt no joy in all that he had done ;
When shall his weary, legal bondage cease ?
How shall he find abiding, perfect peace ?
He who the lily clothes, the sparrow feeds,
Doth not forget the human spirit's needs ;
Where'er is found a humble, contrite heart,
There love divine will needed help impart.

How many a wondrous channel has God's grace !
How streams of blessings flow from place to place !
England through WYCLIFFE once had been the source
Of gospel truth which, in its ceaseless course
Still flowing on, now from Moravian mount
Returns again to bless its earlier fount.
From wise and prudent oft remain concealed
Truths to more plain and humble souls revealed ;
A learned SAUL, groping in double night,
From simple ANANIAS gains his sight ;
So WESLEY in distress to BÖHLER turns,
And polished *Oxford* from rude *Herrnhut* learns.
His heart is "strangely warmed," he now believes,
And long-sought peace and strength his soul receives;

Filled with the Holy Ghost, baptized with fire,
No dangers now appall, no labors tire ;
The world is now his parish ; every-where
While life shall last he will his witness bear.

For half a century the man of God
The toilsome pathway of his duty trod ;
Nor summer heat, nor winter's cold could stay
The great itinerant upon his way ;
O'er treach'rous swamps, o'er mountain pathway steep,
The faithful shepherd sought his Master's sheep ;
In perils oft, in poverty and pain,
He labored on the souls of men to gain.
He showed the sign the Lord esteemed most sure,
And preached the Gospel to the humble poor ;
To them how sweet and tender was his tone
As he made all God's grace and mercy known :
" Blest are ye poor, your sins shall be forgiven ;
For you wide open stands the gate of heaven."
But changed his voice when DIVES listening stands,—
Then he presents the Gospel's stern demands,
Then vengeance flashes her two-edged sword,
And terrors wait upon his warning word :
" Ye who spurn Christ in every poor man's shape,
Ye proud oppressors, how shall ye escape ?
Extortioners, your wrongful gains restore,

Ere yet too late your angry God implore."

All over *England* souls that mourned in grief,
Poor burdened sinners, found a glad relief ;
Believed that God would welcome and forgive,
That e'en the vilest now might turn and live ;
That in one moment those that sought God's face
Were made the sons and daughters of his grace ;
And that his Spirit would the witness bear
To their adoption and the Father's care.

Like an angelic herald through the sky
See far and wide the flaming WHITEFIELD fly,
While o'er responsive multitudes there rung
The changing accents of that wondrous tongue,
Now pealing like a trumpet from above,
Now breathing gentlest, tenderest notes of love.

Crowds that no arch but that of heaven could span
Flocked every-where to hear the wondrous man ;
In solemn awe they listen to his word,
Or sigh or sob by strange emotion stirred ;
And when the pent-up feelings found their vent,
And heart-felt hymns of praise to heaven were sent,
So rich, so deep the swelling tide of song,
Its mighty echoes rolled for miles along.

'Twas like a new evangel from above
To hear him speak our heavenly Father's love ;
Poor colliers, for whose souls no man had cared,
Whose voiceless woes no pitying heart had shared ;
Who, buried from all hope, deep underground,
In ignorance and brutish vice were found,
Climbed from the pits the words of life to hear,
Received with joy, while the unheeded tear
Trickled its way, a rivulet of white,
Down the grimed face, through all its blackness bright.
Behold the wonders of the heavenly grace,
The same alike in every age and place !
Down in the deepest darkness of the mines
The brightest radiance of the Gospel shines ;
There humble followers praised their Saviour's name,
Thence martyrs passed in chariots of flame ;
We walk the somber aisles with rev'rent tread
Of these rude catacombs where toiled our dead.

Christ taught on mountains and beside the sea,
And in the fields and lanes of *Galilee ;*
And these disciples, following their Lord,
On moors and highways preached the living word ;
The more the Church against them shut its door,
They sowed good seed on open ground the more.

Assistants multiplied on every hand,
And helped to spread the Gospel o'er the land ;
Constrained by love of Christ who freely gave,
Freely they sought the souls of men to save ;
Men who toiled hard six days for daily bread
To unpaid toil for Christ the seventh sped.
How humble is the local preacher's name !
Yet, if unknown to any earthly fame,
A nobler fame is still his happy lot ;
By Christ no cup of water is forgot,
And these the living water oft supplied,
And for his sake the soul's thirst satisfied.
By power divine the hearts of men were reached,
And converts followed every sermon preached.

But Satan raged to see his kingdom fall,
And all his legions rallied at his call ;
Rude, lawless mobs the Methodists assail,
And lawless judges order them to jail.
Buffoons and players half whose gains were gone,
And ale-house keepers with their trade undone,
All men of evil life who would not brook
Their sins should meet with stern, direct rebuke ;
Clergy ordained, yet negligent, to preach,
Jealous that any but themselves should teach,
Scorned the itinerants, opposed their word,
And the base rabble into anger stirred.

Oft when they sought the Gospel to declare
Curses and blasphemies pollute the air,
Horns blow, drums beat, the preacher's voice to drown,
Or brutal hands attempt to strike him down.
They stone him, beat him, shamefully defile,
And count both messenger and message vile ;
Yet while the blood streams down his wounded face
He ceases not to preach the word of grace.

Bull-baiting *Wednesbury*, Satan's seat,
Assaulted WESLEY on the public street,
Dragged him with ribald jeers from town to town,
And sought with clubs to beat the good man down ;
But God, who can the mouths of lions close,
Saved him from death amid his brutal foes ;
Vainly the angry men their clubs upraise,
The fearless saint for God's protection prays,
When suddenly the leader of the band
Is changed in heart, and drops his threat'ning hand,
Risks his own life his victim to defend,
And is henceforth his follower and friend.
Nay, in this place so fiercely for a time
The rabble raged that it was held a crime
To be a simple member of the band
Who dared with the derided WESLEY stand.

They spoiled their goods and shamefully ill-used
E'en women who to yield their faith refused ;
Where lived a Methodist was told to all
By broken windows and by battered wall ;
Yet 'mid fierce wolves their Shepherd kept in peace
The faithful flock, and made it to increase.

Met every-where with calumny and ill,
Yet Methodism spreads and prospers still ;
Its converts are by thousands multiplied,
And, like a MOSES, WESLEY now must guide ;
These multitudes through dangers he must lead,
'Mid spiritual famine he must feed,
And to the skillful use of arms must train
Sin's rescued slaves who would the kingdom gain.
Confronted with the superhuman tasks,
In prayer importunate he wisdom asks.
No mere philosopher with weak conceit,
That puny man is in himself complete ;
God was his source of help, he sought his will,
And, as he knew it, labored to fulfill ;
He had that mighty and o'ercoming faith
That even to opposing mountains saith,
"Be thou removed and cast into the sea,"
Prevails o'er Satan's self and bids him flee,
Raises the dead in trespasses and sins,
And as by violence the kingdom wins.

So led himself, he leads his people on,
And mighty works by feeble means are done;
From loving penury pour forth supplies,
And as by magic chapels swiftly rise.
If few trained clergy in the work are found,
Preachers from life's more rugged walks abound;
The flames of holy love so brightly glow
That from the shop, from bench and forge there go
Men warm of heart and eloquent of speech,
Who, though untaught themselves, are apt to teach.
They thrust no commentator's gloss between
The text and hearer, for themselves had seen
And felt the mighty truths they would impart,
And so they spoke directly to the heart.
Captives who had escaped sin's heavy chain,
They preached that all men might deliverance gain;
Children of God, adopted by his love,
They preached that all men might salvation prove;
Speaking themselves from an o'erflowing joy,
They taught that praise should every tongue employ.

These men are WESLEY's preachers; he inspires,
And sends them forth to kindle holy fires;
A consecrated and heroic band,
Obediently they hear their chief's command;
For, if to toil and suffering he call,
Himself out-labors and out-suffers all.

In ceaseless journeys he pursues his way,
And e'en in age still preaches twice a day ;
Of every pastor's load he feels a share,
And watches o'er each church with constant care ;
From his swift pen amid the busy years
A library of useful books appears ;
He clothes the naked and the hungry feeds,
And scarcely knows that he himself has needs ;
Wealth flows in golden streams beside his door,
And yet he dies the poorest of the poor ;
To heal the body and instruct the mind
And save the soul his only aims we find.
And yet, although unworldly was his aim,
To him belongs the legislator's fame ;
He framed that wonderful Church government
That fits alike a large or small extent ;
That takes firm, instant root in every place,
Yet ever on pursues its conquering race ;
That gives each part the power of self-control.
Yet in one spirit binds the living whole—
Makes every atom part of one great sphere,
Whose orbit widens with each passing year.

In spite of raging mob and banning priest,
In *Ireland*, too, the work spread and increased,
And many through great tribulation came,
And sealed their faith as followers of the Lamb.

But in that land how many a generous trait
Tempers the warmth of theologic hate!
How oft a Catholic a love displays
That wins a Protestant's unstinted praise!
There a poor cottage with a roof of thatch
Shows courtesies a palace scarce can match,
And those refinements which a loving heart
E'en to a simple peasant may impart.
Wide open stands the humble cabin door,
And, though the owner may be pinched and poor,
The needy stranger still is pressed to stay,
And smiles and blessing cheer his future way.

As love and gratitude to God give birth
To every other form of human worth,
So through the Irish virtues we may feel
There is for God an unenlightened zeal,
A darkened piety, like that of yore
In *Israel* to which PAUL witness bore.
When knowledge has been added to their zeal,
And they have learned to see as well as feel,
What Methodists these Irishmen have made,
And in the nobler fight of faith displayed
The fiery valor that has oft made yield
The stubborn foeman on the battle-field!

As stars when clustered like one great orb shine

Until the telescope the group define,
So many a light is lost to careless gaze
Beside JOHN WESLEY'S overpowering blaze.
Extinguished thus before the world is COKE,
Through whom so oft our mighty leader spoke.
Him, as his other self, JOHN WESLEY sent
To represent him on this continent;
He, when his chieftain died, still forward flew,
More active still as death the nearer drew;
He with the Gospel went from shore to shore,
And with each triumph zeal increased the more.
Leading afar a missionary band,
And almost reaching *India's* waiting strand,
He died at last upon the restless wave,
And found in ocean his most fitting grave;
Fitting—for vast as the encircling sea
Were this man's faith and hope and charity.

FLETCHER of *Madeley!* Vain are words to paint
The perfect image of the Christian saint
Whose every word and act and thought and look
The impress of the heavenly Spirit took;
Who feared to let a moment run to waste,
And lived each day as if it were his last;
Who never gave his worst opponent pain,
But loved e'en as himself each fellow-man;
Who sought as quickly the infected bed

As others from the feared contagion fled;
Who clothed the naked and who fed the poor
As if the needy Christ had sought his door;
Who made the sinner long to be forgiven,
And brightened for the saint the way to heaven;
Whose life was one long converse with the sky,
Whose death triumphant, stingless victory.

Although so oft God's power had been displayed,
Philistines still made Israel afraid;
They longed for swords and shields like to their foes,
That point by point they might their skill oppose;
So in each age, although true Christians know
The mightiest weapons 'gainst the carnal foe
Are those the weakest child of God may bear,
The simple shield of faith and sword of prayer;
Yet still when skeptics marshal their array,
And serried ranks of arguments display,
Zion exults when champions are found
To meet her enemies on their own ground.

Methodist MEZZOFANTI, CLARKE'S one end
In all his toil was Scripture to defend;
On texts obscure to pour his learning's ray,
And drive the mists of dimming time away.
Complete at last his massive work appears,
The fruit of forty consecrated years.

In iron links of logic WATSON binds
Into a system what he scattered finds ;
A Christian PLATO, he surveys the grounds
Of faith and reason, and defines their bounds :
And, widely as his reason may explore,
'Tis but that faith more deeply may adore.

When the cold earth the sun's rich warmth receives,
How varied are the beauteous forms it weaves !
If a few scenes the painter may portray,
A thousand still remain as fair as they ;
And as all nature's wealth we cannot trace,
We try in vain to tell of God's rich grace.
If here and there we mark a noble name,
A thousand others are all but the same ;
Partakers of the same full life divine,
In them the same heroic virtues shine ;
And only God, who knows the inmost heart,
Can give to each his just and fitting part.
Revealed alone to his omniscient eye,
But hid from ours, perhaps some heroes lie
Nobler than any whom these lines record.
Let us at least recall the Saviour's word,
" Many there are now last that shall be first ; "
And some that men call best God may judge worst.
Perhaps if He who marked the widow's mite

The annals of his Church on earth should write,
Passing by all we deem most great and brave,
His eye would rest on some young child or slave.

When nature throbs with the glad life of spring,
How joyously the birds begin to sing!
Each feathered minstrel from his little throat
Pours out his rapture in a swelling note;
So when the Church feels her reviving time,
And all her energies are at their prime,
Her children's hearts cannot contain their praise,
But free themselves in glad triumphant lays.
In such full life of hope and joy burst forth
A strain of song that gladdened all the earth;
Unnumbered tuneful voices blend in choir,
While far o'er all some seraph notes aspire.

Sweet singer of our Israel, thy voice
Has made ten thousand thousand saints rejoice,
And hearts untouched by preacher's pleading tongue
Have yielded, softened by thy Gospel sung;
Being dead, thou speakest still, and wider grows
Thy congregation as time onward flows;
Till earth shall end and earthly language cease
Thy hymns of faith shall still their power increase,
Till swallowed at the last their glad acclaim

In the blest song of MOSES and the Lamb.

So preached, so sung, the great revival grew,
And daily souls by faith were born anew ;
Born not of water, but the Spirit's power,
What changes followed the converting hour !
New creatures in Christ Jesus, what the sign
By which we know the inward work divine ?
Outward good works showed cleansing power within,
And sinners loathed their former darling sin ;
The tongues that had blasphemed the holy name
Were heard God's love and mercy to proclaim.
Inebriates now sought the cup no more,
And thieves confessed and hastened to restore ;
The angry man was changed into the meek,
The lying lips were heard the truth to speak ;
The churl learned courtesy, the idle led
An honest life and earned his daily bread ;
The worldling with his anxious cares distressed
Cast them on God and found the promised rest.

As verdure follows where the waters flow,
So streams of grace make holy fruits to grow ;
The quickening waters reach the barren heart,
And straightway seeds of every virtue start.
The convert to improve his home began,
For self-respect and hope inspired the man.

No longer dirt and foul neglect are seen,
The cot, though humble, yet is neat and clean;
No squalid, unwashed children cry for bread,
But frugal plenty marks the board instead;
The hard-earned wages now no longer go
In drunken nights whence follow days of woe;
Brawling and riot are no longer heard,
But praise instead and supplicating word;
Husband and wife alike the treasure find,
And walk together in one heart and mind;
Home made an Eden by the power of love,
From heaven below they seek a heaven above.

The angels 'mid their bliss without alloy,
When sinners turn are thrilled with holy joy;
But as a father's, mother's love transcends
The warm affection of the dearest friends,
So sympathizing angels cannot know
The spiritual Father's joy or woe.

As PAUL in his affliction and distress
Rejoiced to see his children's steadfastness,
When persecutions almost cast him down
Rose up refreshed by these, his "joy and crown,"
So WESLEY in his long and toilsome ways
Sent up unceasingly the voice of praise.
The drunkard's song, the pitying worldling's scorn,

The mark of slander, he was still upborne ;
For, though opponents persecuted sore,
His converts' faith and love cheered him the more.
Joy filled his heart, and beamed forth from a face
Of rosy health and venerable grace ;
Truth and benignity were plainly seen
In all the preacher's unaffected mien ;
As in the open pages of a book,
Men read unselfish goodness in his look.
He had the secret of a happy life,
He walked with God ; and all the angry strife
Of men and devils beat against a shield
Which cannot in the sorest conflict yield ;
The Most High was his refuge and defense,
His strength and help was God's omnipotence ;
Peace which the world gives not nor takes away,
The perfect gift, was his abiding stay ;
Secure and blest, he proved the promise true,
And showed what an obedient faith will do.
So lived he far beyond the common span
Of years assigned e'en to the virtuous man
With long, blest, honored life full satisfied,
He saw God's great salvation and he died.
As peacefully as sinks the setting sun
When the long, splendid summer day is done,
JOHN WESLEY's spirit passed from mortal sight
To the bright realms to which God giveth light.

But though his workers, when their day is done,
Leave the unfinished work, it still goes on.
When our ELIJAH mounted to the skies
Waiting ELISHAS saw their master rise ;
A thousand mourning prophets deeply prayed
For all the spirit of their summoned head.
Their prayers were heard, and with his power endued,
The followers all the master's work pursued—
Cleansed NAAMANS from their cleaving leprosy,
And made dull eyes with brighter faith to see.

The righteous man's effectual, fervent prayer
Avails, and makes him Heaven's peculiar care ;
The loving Father hears his children cry,
Attends their voice, and sends their wants supply ;
His eye omniscient slumbers not nor sleeps,
His heart unchanging still its mercy keeps.
Prayer is the fount of every needed good,
The growing soul's supreme, essential food
A satisfying manna from the skies
Descends wherever trusting prayers arise.
The praying heart receives the living bread,
The precious promise of our faithful Head,
And from it draws divine, resistless might
To run the appointed race, to win the heavenly fight.

By prayer the saints of former days prevailed,
Threw down strongholds and Satan's gates assailed ;
And fervent prayer in this our latter day
Gave to the Gospel its swift onward way.
Not many wise, not many learned, came
To take at first our much-derided name,
But plain unlettered men whose simple speech
Was mighty still the souls of men to reach.
Their words came forth straight from a burning heart,
And needed not the petty gloss of art ;
Love far exceeds the rhetorician's dower,
And love of souls gave them contagious power.
They prayed for men not with a formal tongue,
But from their burdened souls petitions sprung ;
Faith winged their words ; they asked and they received ;
God answered those who in his word believed.

What hath God wrought? To-day their Gospel's sound
Is echoing the spacious world around ;
From frozen arctic to antarctic skies
Their prayers of faith and songs of triumph rise.
Obedient to the leadings of his grace,
Each seeks to fill his own appointed place ;
Itinerants and pilgrims of the Lord,

They pitch their tents or journey at his word,
Rest with the cloud, move with the moving fire,
Nor let the wilderness their patience tire.

O'ercrowded lands send forth their restless trains
To find new homes on fertile Western plains :
And with these emigrants the men of God
Have step by step their toilsome pathway trod,
Ready the wayworn travelers to cheer,
Types of their Lord, whose help is always near.

Not far behind the backwoods' hunter lags
The preacher with his book-filled saddle-bags ;
Hunter of men, with all a hunter's zest,
He far and wide pursues the arduous quest ;
Oft, guided only by the woodman's "blaze,"
He threads the unbroken forest's mighty maze ;
He dares the perils of the gloomy brake
Where panthers crouch or lurks the deadly snake.
The Indian, exiled, but unconquered still,
Not marking the true authors of his ill,
Deems every wandering white another foe,
And deals against his friends his sullen blow.
In spring the torrent pours the dangerous flood,
Yet o'er the ford the journey is pursued ;
The summer sun shoots down its burning ray,
But its fierce shafts his progress cannot stay ;

In these new lands beneath the autumn skies
From the rank earth the noxious vapors rise ;
The man of God can no exemption claim,
And fevers burn and agues chill his frame ;
In winter o'er the wastes of pathless snow,
Alone the worn itinerant must go.

But in his heart is one eternal spring,
And with his hymns of joy the forests ring ;
For though on earth an exile he must roam,
E'en now by faith he finds in heaven his home,
For Christ is with him in his lonely ways,
And fills his tongue with everlasting praise.
The worldling's life has but a narrow scope,
But heavenward soars the Christian's boundless hope,
And quickly all earth's sufferings grow light
When bliss immortal rises on the sight.
Christ hath abolished death ; he burst the tomb,
He broke the curse, and changed the sinner's doom;
He lives on high, and there prepares a place
For all who seek through him the Father's face.
When the believer has this better part
Attested by the Spirit to his heart,
He views, like Moses, treasures with disdain,
And leaves an earthly for a heavenly reign ;
Like Paul he holds the gold of earth but dross,

And counts all gain but Christ as only loss.
So while earth's riches wide before him spread,
And swift in the pursuit the many sped,
While fortunes daily grow as cities rise,
The man of God sees a far nobler prize.
Simple itinerant, despised and poor,
No wealth of earth can his fixed soul allure ;
The message of the King requireth haste,
No time has he on aught beside to waste ;
To pluck the flowers that spring beside the way,
How bright soe'er, the herald may not stay.

But toil endured and peril safely passed,
How warm a welcome waits him at the last !
Welcome the preacher as a link to bind
The lone frontiersman to his distant kind,
For wheresoe'er man's wandering footsteps turn
Unquenchably his social instincts burn ;
Welcome the guest who brings back other days,
For fondly o'er the past the memory plays,
And precious are the words or acts which start
The floods of pent-up feeling in the heart.
Gone like a dream are all his prayerless years
As once again the grizzled woodman hears
The voice of prayer and voice of holy song
That to his boyhood's memories belong.
Heard once again, the great life-giving Book

Brings back a sainted parent's tender look,
Brings back a parent's faith and, like a leaven,
Quickens again forgotten hopes of heaven.

In every settlement to which they came
Their message the evangelists proclaim ;
In house or barn, where'er convenient found,
The little group of neighbors gathers round.
Some hearts are touched, then formed a little band
Of brethren who in Christ united stand.
Often they meet each other's joy to share,
Or by dividing ease the load of care ;
The class warms heart to heart, joins hand to hand,
Till strong against assault the feeble stand,
While from this school there pours a constant stream
Of preachers of the great, exhaustless theme.

Thus patiently they seek the scattered sheep,
And faithfully the gathered flocks they keep ;
They follow still where'er the wanderers roam,
And tenderly they bring the lost ones home ;
All things to all that they might all secure,
They draw men in by many a harmless lure ;
Not bound by ceremonial's slavish chain,
Nor hoping by routine God's grace to gain,
Seeking alone to cleanse the inward part,
To fill the soul, and sanctify the heart ;

To suit the changing needs of time and place,
They bring back old or make new means of grace.

Again as in the apostolic days
They meet with one accord for prayer and praise;
Again the whole assembly sways and bends
As like a rushing wind God's power descends;
Again they speak with tongues above their own,
And mightily make God's salvation known.

Upon the startled skeptic's self-made night,
How vividly God flashed his awful light!
And how the sinner trembled in that hour
When conscience woke beneath the Spirit's power!
One moment in an agony cried out,
The next up-raised the glad triumphant shout!
One moment is enough for man to turn
When the great judgment fires within him burn;
One moment is enough for God to give
Peace to the penitent and bid him live.

The great camp-meeting, worship in the wood,
The preaching-stand, the thronging multitude,
The ample central space of open ground,
The fringe of tents and cottages around,
God's sky-arched, many-pillared temple, grand
Beyond the mightiest built by human hand;

The solemn dimness of the forest shade,
The cheerful brightness of the opening glade,
The twittering birds, the wind-swept rustling leaves—
Each sound the ear, each sight the eye receives
Speaks to the heart, lo! God is in this place,
Here may I seek and find his pardoning grace!

Amid such scenes while BOANERGES preached
How many a heart the well-winged shaft has reached!
How many a sinner smitten to the ground
Like furious SAUL has SAUL's conviction found!
Like SAUL gone forth salvation to proclaim
Through the now dear but once despised name!
Amid the press and throng how many a soul
Was by the great Physician's touch made whole!
How many an one was brought to Christ by friends
Whose urgency the weary struggle ends—
Friends true and faithful as the zealous four
Who to the roof the paralytic bore,
And bold through love forced on their eager way
Till at the Saviour's feet the sufferer lay.
What songs of praise and shouts of triumph sound
As captive souls the great Deliv'rer found!

Welcome the sinner whensoe'er he turns,
For hope exists long as life's taper burns;

And grace can save e'en to the uttermost
Those who in sin and misery are lost ;
But, O, thrice blessèd those who never stray,
Whose childish feet walk in true wisdom's way ;
Who steadily in truth and virtue grow,
And sin's deep scars and sorrows never know !
These closest follow where the Saviour trod,
Whose beauteous childhood pleased both man and God ;
To such as these peculiar grace is given,
Of such as these the kingdom is of heaven,
For such as these the Church prepares her home,
Repeats her Master's invitation, "Come."

Still on the closing hours my memory dwells,
When friend to friend spoke tender, fond farewells ;
Knowing the camp breaks up at morning light,
They long protract the service of the night,
And, at the close, march past the speaker's stand
That each might grasp the preachers by the hand,
While high-heaped woodpiles through the shadows fling
Their flaring light upon the moving ring.
See how these Christians love, they say again,
As strangers mark the deep and heartfelt pain,
The choking sob that breaks the last good-bye,
The long embrace, the speaking, tear-dimmed eye !

Thus every-where the precious seed was sown
From which so rich a harvest since has grown.
Still o'er these Western scenes from spirits blest
A holy influence softly seems to rest;
Here where they toiled, nor dreamed of future fame,
Still sacred are their memory and name.

Who was the leader of the mighty host
Who first the mountain and the prairie crossed?
Who opened springs from which salvation flows,
And made the desert blossom as the rose?
First bishop in a virgin continent,
What weight for good or ill that headship lent!
Had there been any faltering in that hour
When FRANCIS ASBURY was clothed with power;
Had he become a prelate proud of rank,
And sent men forth to toils from which he shrank;
Corrupted through example, by degrees
The way-worn preachers would have sought for ease.
Each would have learned to scorn the weak command,
And yearly smaller would have grown the band;
Unshepherded, the flocks would soon have strayed,
And discipline and piety decayed.
But by as much as a weak leader sends
Confusion to his host, a strong one lends
Strength from his own great spirit, and calls forth

In other men the utmost of their worth.
Such chief was ASBURY, and where he led
His soldiers caught the spirit of their head ;
A PAUL of the backwoods, till old and gray
They saw him still pursue his tireless way ;
Bishop of churches in the wilderness,
He lives by rule ordained for such "distress ;"
The Church his bride, an undivided life
He gives to her, and seeks no other wife.
East, west, north, south his voice proclaims the word,
And every-where the hearts of men are stirred ;
Zion is blessed with a tenfold increase,
And flourishes in more abundant peace ;
Four thousand men ordained by his own hand
Were sent by him to preach throughout the land,
Ere, vanquishing mortality's last foes,
To meet his Lord the veteran hero rose.

A cruel, partial God, whose stern decree,
Unchangeable to all eternity,
Condemned to death half of our helpless race,
Refusing e'en to penitence his grace ;
A horrid Moloch, smeared with guiltless blood,
Such grim and monstrous CALVIN's idol stood.
Was this the image which the *Mayflower* bore
Across the sea to the *New England* shore ?
Was it by such a creed as this sustained

The Pilgrims their immortal glory gained?
Was it for this they suffered such distress
To form a nation in the wilderness?
Ah, no! the heart is wiser than the head;
And howsoe'er the rigid letter read,
And howsoe'er the theologian's brain
Forged the strong-seeming links of logic's chain,
Still human instinct, truer far than they,
Maintained o'er all at least a partial sway;
And as bees, ranging through the landscape, meet
All kinds of herbs yet only sip the sweet,
So piety support and comfort drew
From ev'ry flower of faith and hope that grew,
And with a shudder and a pitying sigh
Passed the rank growths of malediction by.
But though men tried to hide it from their sight,
Yet a false creed failed not to bring its blight.
How many a tender conscience groaned in pain!
How many a freeman wore a slavish chain!
How many a hypocrite concealed a sneer!
How many a bold blasphemer dared appear

But faith in God's eternal fatherhood
And that he ever seeks his children's good;
That while against all sin his anger burns
He none rejects who from wrong-doing turns;
That he withholds from none his help and grace,

But shows to all who seek a smiling face ;
That for man, guilty prodigal, once more
Wide open stands the waiting Father's door,
Such faith fills all the heart with joy and peace,
And makes all fruits of righteousness increase.

Such faith inspired the heart of JESSE LEE,
And from his patient toils what fruit we see !
With daring zeal the warm Arminian planned
To drive Genevan error from the land,
And by his ardent faith and love made bold
He first assailed it in its chief stronghold.
How vain appeared the lone itinerant's dream !
How long unmoved the chilling barriers seem !
But as the snows of winter melt away
When long the sun pours down his fervid ray,
So warming beams by Methodism shed
At last through all the frigid doctrine spread ;
And as an iceberg washed by tropic seas
Is honeycombed and melted by degrees,
So in diminished strength and bulk appear
JOHN CALVIN'S icy dogmas year by year.

Our God respects not persons, but his grace
Is freely given to each tribe and race ;
He knows no difference of black and white,
But all alike are precious in his sight.

The gospel seed oft falls on stony ground,
And riches still as choking thorns are found ;
But poverty is always fruitful soil,
And well rewards the faithful tiller's toil.
The LAZARUS of the nations, at the gate
Of Saxon DIVES see the Negro wait !
How bitter and how abject is his lot !
But though an outcast yet he murmurs not.
What consolation his brave heart sustains ?
What compensation counteracts his pains ?
To him how deep and strong a faith is given !
To him how plain appears the way to heaven !
As all the prison with God's praises rang,
When beaten, fettered PAUL and SILAS sang,
So through his house of bondage every-where
Was heard the Negro's voice of praise and prayer ;
Songs in the darkest night were still his stay,
And cheered him for the brighter, coming day.

In poverty the Christ our sorrows bore,
And Christlike is the love of poor for poor.
Hear this strange story of an African
Whose pity for still greater suff'rers ran.
Brought by intemperance to blank despair,
JOHN STEWART thought by death to end his care ;
He sought the river with the mad intent,
But, as his footsteps thitherward were bent,

He was arrested by the sound of song
Floating the quiet evening air along.
He nearer drew, and heard Christ Jesus say,
By his poor servant's voice, "Your sorrows lay
On me, and I will give your spirits rest;"
His faith laid hold, and his poor soul was blest.
His ransomed life he now would fain employ
In bringing others to his own deep joy;
But where should an unlettered Negro preach,
Or who so ignorant that he may teach?
Was there a race in misery below
His own to which he might his pity show?
There was. The white man's selfish interest gave
Life and a shelter even to the slave;
But his cupidity and fear pursued
The hunted Indian even to the wood.
So to the Wyandots JOHN STEWART went,
And told his simple tale from tent to tent.
Sometimes the messenger was well received,
And little groups the words of life believed;
Sometimes the tomahawk, uplifted high,
Gave fearful warning of the danger nigh.
When menaced thus the preacher knelt in prayer,
And placed himself in Heaven's peculiar care;
And e'en the savage felt restraining power,
And reverenced the attitude and hour.
Sometimes the Negro's wondrous power of song

Allayed the anger of a wrathful throng,
While day by day effectually plead
His kindly gentle word and useful deed.
So by degrees the good man's power increased,
Till all were won and persecution ceased.
Some rays from heaven shine in the darkest night,
And every-where some eyes seek clearer light;
E'en savages for truth and virtue grope,
And upward look with dim, instinctive hope.
So some of these fierce savages receive
The words of life and trustingly believe;
And when by faith the promises they claim,
And feel their pardon through the Saviour's name,
With rude and native eloquence of speech
They seek the new-found way of life to teach.
So the work prospered, and the tidings came
Back to the Church and set its zeal aflame.
A mission to the Indian tribes was planned,
Which by degrees extended through the land;
And thus a work of blessing to a race
To STEWART'S humble labors we may trace;
Not his the great and saintly ELIOT'S fame,
And yet his love and purpose were the same.

Beauty and glory fill both day and night,
And make the world a palace of delight;
Here smiling plains are carpeted with flowers,

And there in majesty a mountain towers ;
Sweet-throated minstrels people every grove,
And chant spontaneous songs of joy and love ;
The zephyrs whisper softly in the wood,
And loud resounds the anthem of the flood ;
Gay crystal streamlets sparkle in the sun,
And with light tripping feet the rivers run ;
By day a changing beauty fills the sky,
And solemn night unveils infinity ;
Wonders and beauties fill earth, sea, and air,
And tell of power and goodness every-where,
Yet some there are of dark, perverted mind
Who doubt God is, or doubt that he is kind.

Some who have ranged the fields of nature o'er,
And deeply studied every human lore,
Conclude their long researches with a sigh,
And, wearied, neither care to live nor die ;
Yet oft these men advance pretentious claim,
And call their doubts by reason's injured name.
The fault is in the heart and not the head,
And with a change of heart the doubts are sped ;
So skeptic NAST, who long with careful thought
In things material for rest had sought,
Found that 'tis God himself man's spirit craves,
And that his love alone makes rich and saves.
O, what sweet rest, what perfect peace are there

When man on God can rest his every care,
When the tired wand'rer finds his wished-for home,
When the poor orphan hears the Father's "Come!"

The love of country, every-where the same,
Burns in the human heart with quenchless flame;
As PAUL for Israel yearned with strong desire,
So German NAST now felt the sacred fire,
And to his fellow-immigrants made known
The great salvation which was now his own.
Like flame through stubble his swift message flies,
And every spark makes other flames to rise;
It leaped the ocean, as JACOBY bore
Our name and methods to the German shore,
Yet bore no novel doctrine, but the same
The great reformer labored to proclaim.
WESLEY to LUTHER comes as friend to friend,
And two great streams of blessing meet and blend.

As stars in number and in brightness shine
Of later saints the ever-widening line;
To speak of each by name and tell his deeds
The muse of verse's feeble strength exceeds;
From such an endless task she shrinks dismayed,
And calls the muse of history to her aid—
Her stronger sister, who, with tireless pen,
Toils to record the worthier deeds of men.

More to be wished than riches is good name,
And worse than death is merited ill-fame ;
Being dead, a man still lives for good or ill,
And all his words and deeds are potent still.
Happy the Church that when her saints depart
Their record still remains to fire the heart,
As TYERMAN'S and STEVENS' glowing page
Still bear their story on from age to age.

When high in air a noble tree ascends,
There broad and deep beneath the soil extends
The secret source of strength, the mighty roots
From which the visible perfection shoots ;
So, when a race or class of men displays
Some splendid quality that wins our praise,
The wise will look beneath the outward show
For the deep roots on which such virtues grow.
Whence, then, do the great deeds of heroes come ?
They find their inspiration in the home,
And oft as noble lives we closely scan,
'Tis woman's virtue that shines forth in man.

The courage which a tyrant king withstood
MOSES drew from his fearless mother's blood ;
Defying the Egyptian's stern command
That doomed male Hebrew children in the land,
She saved more than her son ; her act gave place

In him to faith and love that saved a race.
Angelic visions ere his birth disclose
Whence SAMSON'S zeal and love of country rose ;
And SAMUEL'S dedicated life declares
The virtue of a pious mother's prayers.
If TIMOTHY is in the Scriptures wise,
The mind to LOIS and EUNICE flies.
Nay, so resistlessly flows on the tide
Of faith and hope by one great soul supplied,
That generations do not break its force,
Or turn the mighty current from its course.
Unshaken in extremity of ill,
See RUTH the Moabitess faithful still ;
She to NAOMI pleads, I will be thine,
In life and death thy home and God are mine.
Such natures are not subject to decay,
Nor with one life pass from the earth away ;
They shape the future by their power divine,
And form the virtues of a lengthened line.
Is it a dream that traces to this spring
The faith and courage of the psalmist king?
And is it fancy that as one by one
The generations of her race go on
They keep as their inheritance the truth
Transmuted from the loving heart of RUTH,
Till on this stalk of long-developed power
Grew MARY, womanhood's consummate flower?

Softly the summer dew from heaven distills,
And the reviving plain with verdure fills,
So gentle, unobtrusive lives o'er all
The field of Christ let showers of blessings fall ;
'Tis unseen faith and secret prayer that give
The Church the power by which its virtues live.

And such in Methodism woman's part:
A mother's piety formed WESLEY'S heart ;
Reproach for Christ to HUNTINGDON became
More dear than honors of her noble name ;
Her treasure found in heaven, she gladly poured
Her earthly wealth in service of her Lord ;
In spirit an apostle forth she went,
To preach through those her bounty trained and sent.
In valiant BARBARA HECK a woman bore
The new evangel to the new world's shore ;
Women are linked in works and faith with those
Through whom our Bethel in the West arose,
And long as *Evanston* sends forth the light
Of sacred truth will GARRETT'S name be bright.

In all the hardships of itinerant life,
How large a share falls to the faithful wife ;
Though woman's nature craves a settled home,
With loyal love she still consents to roam ;
For husband and for Christ with patient zeal,

At each fresh revolution of the wheel,
Snaps every tie that daily dearer grew,
And undertakes the ne'er-done work anew;
Whate'er the cost she will withhold no part,
For loving woman loves with all the heart.

The child of Providence, as we believe,
Our Church has e'er been ready to receive
From her great Head his every new command,
And be an instrument of his right hand.
As a wise scribe to whom true grace is given,
And knowledge of the mysteries of heaven,
Brings from his treasure things both new and old,
So has she been both cautious and yet bold,
Not blind the lessons of the past to learn,
Nor dull the greater future to discern,
And ever ready to adopt the new
If still the ancient end is kept in view.

As husbandmen throw down the simple flail
When complex modern instruments prevail,
And yet diminish not at all the store
Of grain for man, but make it greatly more,
So husbandmen of God think it not strange
If o'er your methods there shall come a change.

Sweet to the eye and good the beams of day,
But better, sweeter still true wisdom's ray

That, making light within the darkness shine,
Shows that the works of God are all divine.
Despise not the first steps, though weak they be,
That dare attempt paths of philosophy;
Strange powers are latent in the human mind,
And they who truly seek shall surely find.
Chautauqua circles, Epworth leagues may prove
The humble gateways to fair walks above,
And lead uncounted thousands to the ground
Where Learning's rich, delightful fruits abound.

All truth is God's, and in his perfect plan
All truth is helpful to his creature man;
Then let religion summon to her aid
All arts by which the truth may be displayed.
Not only mighty eloquence and song
And logic's perfect links to her belong,
But science in her every walk displays
The great Creator and proclaims his praise;
All causes in life's endless chain must bring
Their tribute to the everlasting King,
For only in their full complete accord
Shall we see all the glory of the Lord.

Why open history's illumined page
And read of heroes of a by-gone age?
Is it that we may shrink back in dismay

And weakly cry, "We are not such as they?"
Is it that we may carve their monument
With words of praise, and go away content?
Is it that we may every footprint trace
That marks the progress of the mighty race,
And having found the spot where last they stood
May halt there saying, "This we know is good?"
Ah, no! the embers in each sacred urn,
Unquenched by death, with fire immortal burn;
Approach, and from the ashes of your sires
Re-light the torch, and kindle other fires;
Ye who are called their sons, do not again
In dull routine, with blind, unthinking pain,
What they did with conviction fresh and strong
That they were right and their opponents wrong.
Ye who would truly to their place succeed,
Read not the barren letter of their deed,
But catch the spirit of their acts, and go
Forward to war against the present foe.
Use not the borrowed armor of some SAUL,
Lest thou beneath the cumbrous burden fall;
But when thou fightest in the war of heaven
Take thou the weapons which thy God has given.
Eat not the husks of custom, stale and dead,
But feed thy soul upon the living bread;
Wear not the garb of habit, but receive
Fresh impulses, and thought's new vesture weave;

Be not a hollow echo, but a voice
From the deep heart, and make the heart rejoice;
Let not the multitude without hold sway,
Live thine own life, and inward law obey;
Thy fathers all the path of faith have trod,
And living faith alone leads thee to God.

Beware, O priest or prophet of the Lord,
Lest thou exalt too much thy rite or word;
Beware lest thou in secret thought despise
Those who know little of thy mysteries.
As vines unpruned run into leaf and wood,
Yet bear but little fruit, and that not good,
So exhortation flowing from the tongue
Doth not prove alway that the heart is strong.
The discipline of action is supreme,
Nor can the soul gain virtue by a dream.
Mark well the sturdy merits of the men
Whose instruments are not the facile pen,
But plow, or forge, or loom, or ax, or spade,
Or aught by which a stubborn mass is made
Obedient to the patient worker's will.
What strength and courage do such toils instill?
The builder with his square and plummet-line
Is pupil of the Architect divine,
And learns in this so-seeming humble school
To work by laws which o'er the planets rule.

Even the humblest digger in the ditch
Is often in the noblest virtues rich,
And bearing cheerfully his hard estate
May by the all-wise Judge be counted great.
For highest greatness oft disguised appears:
As great was Jesus in those silent years
In which, according to the wondrous plan,
He learned in toil his sympathy with man,
As when he held the multitude in awe
As from the mount he taught the higher law.

O preacher, emulate the patient skill
Of those who fashion iron to their will;
Shun not to bear the fiercest furnace heat,
Shun not thy labor often to repeat.
See how the makers of the iron steed
Of commerce give the wondrous thing its speed!
And shall the chariot of trade be driven
More swiftly than the mighty car of heaven?
As they fit part to part of the machine
Till all its strength and symmetry are seen,
As they slight nothing, but from point to point
Fix every rivet and secure each joint,
So, like a locomotive, let thy car
Of truth be fit to bear men swift and far.

The Woman's Christian Union, sisterhood

Engaged in every form of doing good,
Joining in holy work the hearts and hands
Of women to the earth's remotest lands,
Seeing with eye of faith the light divine
Within the darkest human spirit shine,
Philanthropy wide as the fallen race
That speaks in every tongue like words of grace;
As their joint offering all the churches raise
In unison for it the voice of praise;
A glory to the common heart and brain
Of Christian womanhood it will remain,
And yet though every brain one purpose fills,
And every heart with one affection thrills,
One soul there is of all these souls the soul,
One will to give direction and control,
And radiance o'er every member shed
Rests with redoubled splendor on the head.

Salvation Army, hail! God give thee speed
To succor darkest *England* at her need! [man
The Church that nursed and trained the good, great
Who formed thy ranks and marches in thy van
Rejoices in thy triumphs won, and sees
The promise of thy greater victories.

Rise, *England*, from thy shame! Put on thy might,
And gird thee for self-conquest's noble fight!

Let there not be within thy borders one
Who is in name, but not in fact, a son ;
Who born an heir of all thy high renown
Knows nothing of his glory and his crown !
Redeem thy children ! Let each daughter be
Dowered with grace and truth, and worthy thee !

O faithless cynic, think not that they dream
Who hope the last and lowest to redeem ;
God's love is infinite, and evermore
He pours his blessings from exhaustless store.
See how from heaven stream down the floods of light,
Fill every place, and make the whole earth bright ;
See how the wholesome, necessary air
Enwraps the earth and meets us every-where !
He who made air and light would have made food
As free as they had it been for our good ;
But though soul's welfare calls for body's toil,
How generous the answer of the soil !
Man only needs to ask, and he receives
Not bare support, but overflowing sheaves ;
And year by year as Science waves her wand,
And shows the hidden virtues of the land,
More false and base seems the Malthusian lie
That niggard Earth man's wants cannot supply.
Not Nature's harshness, man's inhuman greed,
Is cause of *London's* wretchedness and need ;

Nor is the misery of some the price
Of others' good, a needed sacrifice.
Far different and nobler is the plan
On which depends the happiness of man ;
United by indissoluble ties,
We fall together, or together rise.
No man may make another's loss his gain
Or wring his gladness from another's pain ;
The punishment of every wrong shall fall
Upon the doer heaviest of all ;
The silly thief who steals his fellow's purse
Wrongs two indeed, but wrongs himself the worse.
See CRŒSUS grind the faces of the poor,
And by oppression tenfold gains procure ;
But mark the losses with such gains allied,
The narrowed intellect, the growing pride,
The callousness beginning at the heart,
And by degrees affecting every part,
Till Science, Art, Religion, all are gone,
And money, money fills the life alone.
What profit is there in a hoard of pelf
If to obtain it man must lose himself ?
Or mark the despot with unbounded sway,
Whose mad caprice the wisest must obey;
Disposer of men's fortunes by a nod,
Whom Flattery proclaims a demi-god.
Does happiness attend his high estate ?

Do rest and peace upon his pleasure wait?
Ah, no! Fear follows closely at his heel,
And dread Suspicion poisons every meal;
In weariness he drags his gilded chain
Till death or madness ends his so-called "reign."
He lived as wretched and complete a slave
As ever found a shelter in the grave.

But he who blesses shall himself be blessed,
And love bestowed is doubly still possessed!
When men at last are pupils in Christ's school,
And all shall learn the simple, golden rule,
Not only will there be no prisoned class
Shut in by frowning walls it cannot pass;
No wretched outcasts trodden by the foot
Of fellow-men to level of the brute;
But those who thought before that they were free
Will find a nobler, sweeter liberty;
Freed from its weights the whole race will rise higher,
And all man's energies anew aspire;
New arts, new sciences, new virtues grow,
And life sweep on with deeper, richer flow.

Shall none be found his toilsome way to trace
To *Africa's* most terror-guarded place
Except the wretch who, infamously brave,

Pursues his weaker brother for a slave?
Shall only the explorer pitch his camp
Near the infection of the deadly swamp,
Shall he alone the gloomy thicket pierce,
Where couch wild beasts and men as blindly fierce?
What was it led heroic STANLEY on?
Search for the earlier hero, LIVINGSTONE.
And what sought he, the pioneer, to gain?
What urged him on o'er fever-haunted plain?
What brought this man from earth's meridian light
To dwell in shadows of her darkest night?
The love of Christ alone his soul constrained,
And healing for a continent he gained.
For words and deeds like his can never die,
But in the soil of human hearts they lie,
And deeper strike and wider spread their roots,
And bear at last their ripened, perfect fruits.

Gone the apostle of an injured race,
But men not less heroic take his place:
Burns still in Baptist hearts that holy flame
That glorified a CAREY'S, JUDSON'S name;
And gentle, patient missionaries show
How love may conquer and transform a foe,
How e'en amid the rudest tribes the rule
Learned in the one great Master's perfect school,

"Resist not evil, but o'ercome by good,"
Has power beyond the might of harsher mood.
And, like Saint CUTHBERT come again to earth,
A Methodist evangelist goes forth,
Leader of humble, consecrated bands
Of those who by the labor of their hands
Supply their own necessities, and teach
By works of love the Gospel which they preach.
These and those like them pierce by faith sublime
The present gloom and see that promised time
When Ethiopia, long beneath the rod,
Ransomed at last, shall stretch her hands to God.

When all the nations gather at the feet
Of Christ, and all at last one creed repeat,
What land will be the highly-flavored one
To hold the place of the beloved JOHN,
To lay her head most near the Saviour's heart,
And catch each word his gracious lips impart.

One who will with thy brightest heroes shine,
O *India*, says that glory will be thine!
And what the prophet's eye of faith can see
He strives to bring to actuality;
A diocese of half a continent
His force pervades throughout its whole extent;
Bishop of scattered churches, like a PAUL

He labors to supply the needs of all,
And, true apostle, tireless seeks to found
New churches on the yet unconquered ground.

Only the Hebrew has more strongly striven
Than the Hindu to find the way to heaven ;
Only the Hebrew has more firmly trod
The path he hoped would lead at last to God.
The costliest temples reared by human hand
As monuments of his devotion stand ;
So strength and beauty blended we may trace,
They seem the work of more than earthly race.
Have Titans' hands the stones colossal laid ?
Have genii the rich adornments made ?
Ah, no ! they do but body forth the might
With which man yearns to reach the Infinite.

With matted hair and dirt-incrusted face
See the sad fakir his long journey trace ;
To find full union with the life divine
He vows that he will visit every shrine ;
Begun in youth, he still pursues in age
His weary, almost endless pilgrimage ;
His form is shrunk, his every step is pain,
Yet still he toils his wished-for heaven to gain.
Vain, needless toil, for what doth God require
But mercy, truth, and humble, pure desire ?

Mercy pre-eminent the Hindu shows,
And his compassion no restriction knows ;
Sacred to him is every form of life,
Nor 'gainst the ox or sheep he whets the knife.
His bounty, too, each living thing must share ;
He scatters grain to feed the birds of air,
And, owning kinship with the hideous shape,
He gives his bread to feed the hungry ape,
And, e'en though he himself may suffer want,
Distributes sweetmeats to the creeping ant.

In wedlock, when true womanhood combines
With thorough manhood, and its strength refines,
There joys and virtues most of all abound,
As a well-tempered bell gives sweetest sound.
So in that grander union will it be
When nations join in love and sympathy ;
When each the other's excellence discerns,
And each from each its choicest lesson learns ;
When Orient, where fancy richest glows,
And poetry and gentle arts arose,
Where Faith once shone with its most radiant light,
And Superstition now spreads darkest night,—
When Orient from Occident receives
That light again and all her strength revives,
When Occident's rough vigor is refined
By the mild graces of the Eastern mind,

When mystic Contemplation's steady flame
Our noisy, bustling energies shall tame,
Then in that union of the West and East
Mankind will sit at a great marriage feast.

Behold the mighty Saxon race subdue
All continents and fashion them anew!
The Saxon touch the sleeping nations wakes,
The Saxon stroke tradition's fetter breaks;
Vain the defense of superstition's wall,
At truth's assault its hollow structures fall.

In the grand march of universal man
With mighty steps the Saxon leads the van;
The docile nations follow at his feet,
And guided by him seek their happier seat;
He is the world's school-master, and will teach
His laws, his arts, his industries, his speech;
And, greater far than these, he will impart
The nobler life that purifies his heart;
And as he better learns to understand
The law of Christ will teach it to each land;
Like JOHN before the Lord, his works appear
To show again Messiah's kingdom near.

A thousand years with God are but one day,
Men come and go and nations pass away,

While slowly moves the solemn, destined hour
Of new display of his almighty power.
Shiloh, by priest and prophet oft foretold,
Delayed his coming while millenniums rolled,
Yet in the fullness of the perfect plan
Immanuel came—God showed himself to man.
"Go into all the world," the Master said;
Yet eighteen centuries slowly, sadly sped,
While still the great command was not obeyed,
And sloth and unbelief the work delayed.
But when the Church sought for the needful power,
God furnished means and showed the appointed hour;
When the Church yearned to win the heathen world,
The broader wings of knowledge were unfurled;
When Christians owned the brotherhood of man,
A mightier era in the arts began.
'Tis well that enemies should dwell apart,
But brothers one in mind and one in heart
Should live where they can hear each other's voice,
And in their mutual hopes and gains rejoice;
To speak love's word or do love's generous deed
Demands steam's power and lightning's matchless
[speed.
As Israel's tribes in brotherhood assailed
The Canaanitish chariots and prevailed,
So now the conquering Christians draw the sword
In several bands, but for one common Lord.

Faith hails the dawning of a brighter day,
And sees the thinning shadows pass away.
The armies of the Lord that in the dark,
Confused, have struck and often missed their mark,
Or turned against each other the fierce blow
Which should have fallen on the common foe,
Now see the Captain's banner wave on high,
And raise in unison their conquering cry.
The petty Shibboleth no more we hear,
But the grand message ever sounds more clear.
In faith in God and love to man is found
After the weary strife a common ground;
And men see that beneath the differing name
A Christian heart is every-where the same.

Ye gates of Zion, lift again your head,
The King of kings in glory soon shall tread;
Not then, as when he hung upon the rood
And shed for sinners his atoning blood,
Feebly amid his dreadful agony
"'Tis finished!" shall the suffering Saviour cry;
But seated on his everlasting throne
Aloud proclaim, "Redemption's work is done!"
While heaven shall echo with triumphant song,
And the freed earth the voice of joy prolong.

H 112 82

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

MAR 82
N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 028 310 175 7